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accommodation to our English laws and customs; yet these notwithstanding, this people, especially in this and the adjoining counties, are in our days become more polite and civil [civilized] than in former ages, and some very forward to accommodate themselves to the English modes, particularly in their habit, language, and surnames, which by all manner of ways they strive to make *English or English like*; this I speak of the inferior rank of them. Thus you have Mac Gowan surname himself Smith; Mac Killy, Cock; Mac Spallane, Spenser; Mac Kegry; L'Estrange, &c, herein making small amends for our degenerate English before spoken of."

But I have exceeded the space which the Journal allows for this article, and I must defer the remainder to a future number, promising the reader that I shall make every effort to bring the subject of Irish surnames to a conclusion in two additional articles.

ARISTOCRATIC TRAVELLING.—Mr Theobald was at that instant speaking to Lord Bolsover. "Listen," said the Earl of Rochdale to Arlington, "and you will hear some of the uses and advantages of travel." Arlington accordingly directed his attention to the speakers. "I will just tell you what I did," said Mr Theobald. "Brussels, Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Milan, Naples, and Paris, and all that in two months. No man has ever done it in less." "That's a fast thing; but I think I could have done it," said Lord Bolsover, "with a good courier. I had a fellow once who could ride a hundred miles a-day for a fortnight." "I came from Vienna to Calais," said young Leighton, "in less time than the government courier. No other Englishman ever did that." "Hem! I am not sure of that," said Lord Bolsover. "But I'll just tell you what I have done: from Rome to Naples in nineteen hours; a fact, upon my honour; and from Naples to Paris in six days." "Partly by sea?" interrogated Leighton. "No! all by land," replied Lord Bolsover, with a look of proud satisfaction. "I'll just tell you what I did," Mr Leighton chimed in again, "and I think it is a good plan—it shows what one can do. I went straight on end, as fast as I could, to what was to be the end of my journey. This was Sicily. So straight away I went there at the devil's own rate, and never stopped anywhere by the way: changed horses at Rome and all those places, and landed in safety in—I forget exactly how long from the time of starting, but I have got it down to an odd minute. As for the places I left behind, I saw them all on my way back, except the Rhine, and I steamed down that in the night-time." "I have travelled a good deal by night," said Theobald. "With a *dormouse* and travelling lamp I think it is pleasant, and a good plan of getting on." "And you can honestly say, I suppose," said Denbigh, "that you have slept successfully through as much fine country as any man living?" "Oh, I did see the country," replied Theobald, "that is, all that was worth seeing. My courier knew all about that, and used to stop and waken me whenever we came to anything remarkable. Gad! I have reason to remember it, too, for I caught an infernal bad cold one night when I turned out by lamp-light to look at a waterfall. I never looked at another." There was a pause in the conversation, and the group moved onwards to another room.—*Arlington, a Tale, by the Hon. Mr Lister.*

Truth will never be palatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.—*E. W. Montague.*

PARENTAL DUTIES.—Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the oversten carriage of others, cause more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves; and train not up thy sons in the wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; besides, it is a science no longer in request than use, for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.—*Lord Burleigh's Maxims.*

HALF AN HOUR IN IRELAND.

(From Charles O'Malley.)

WHEN the Bermuda transport sailed from Portsmouth for Lisbon, I happened to make one of some four hundred interesting individuals, who, before they became food for powder, were destined to try their constitutions on pickled pork. The second day after our sailing, the winds became adverse; it blew a hurricane from every corner of the compass but the one it ought; and the good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away with a double-reefed topsail towards the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea-mancœuvre that usually preludes a shipwreck; and at length, when, what from sea sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbour of Cork, we had a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream.

"Come, Mr Medlicot," said the skipper to me, "we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?"

I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies, and mutton chops, floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove, which, opposite Spike Island, rejoices in the name of the Goat and Garters.

"Breakfast, waiter," said I; "a beefsteak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk, and butter, all fresh." No more hard tack, thought I, no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast.

"Up stairs, No. 4, sir," said the waiter, as he flourished a dirty napkin, indicating the way.

Up stairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little *dejeune* made its appearance. Never did a miser's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment than did mine skim over the mutton and the muffin, the teapot, the trout, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, I seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when with a loud crash the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran piteously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon, the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face redolent with smiles, while he rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"It's all over, sir," said he, "glory be to God, it's all done."

"What's over? what's done?" said I with impatience.

"M'Mahon is satisfied," replied he, "and so is the other gentleman."

"Who and what the devil do you mean?"

"It's over, sir, I say," replied the waiter again; "he fired in the air."

"Fired in the air," said I. "Did they fight in the room below stairs?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter with a benign smile.

"That will do," said I, as seizing my hat I rushed out of the house, and hurrying to the beach took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons, that although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the green island.

All men are masked; the world is one universal disguise, each individual endeavouring to fathom his neighbour's intentions, at the same time wishing to hide his own, and, above all, striving to secure a reputable character rather by words than deeds.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.—*Miss Talbot.*

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